Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Hee'l ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces hee'l ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubiects puniſht, that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
VVho once no more but as the tops of trees,
VVhich fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke giues heart and ſtronger glowing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior ſooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Helicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.